AND SO HAVE MY

New Goods

New Style Hats,

Norfolk Jackets.

-And the Latest thing out in every article of-

TO BE FOUND IN A

GENTS' FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT.

Gents' Clothing,

CLOTHING

STOCK OF

LOTHIN

Nobby Neckwear

SPRING SUITS.

NUMBER 33

VOLUME VIII.

HOPKINSVILLE, CHRISTIAN COUNTY KY., APRIL 23, 1886.

ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY MORNING BY

MEACHAM & WILGUS.

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. One copy, one year, strictly cash in ad-

criptions taken on time and all papers

stopped when out. One copy free to any one sending us five early cash subscribers.

Absolutely Pure. This powder never varies. A marvel or low lest, short weight alum or phosphat powders. Sold only in caus. ROYAL BAK-IKG POWDER CO., 106 Wall St. N. Y.

ME COUGHS. CROUP CONSUMPTION USE



" SWEET CUM MULLEIN.

louthern States, contains a stimulating expanse perspect that loosens the phiesing profiles early morning cough, and stimulates the chrow of the false membrane in croup shooping-cough. When contained with the ag seachingous principle in the mulicing the old flades, presents in TAYLOR'S CREEN EXECUTE OF SWEET GIVE AND MULICIAN the tauguren remady for Coughs, Croup, Whooping-

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. P. Campbell, DENTIST,

HOPKINSVILLE. - - KY. Office over M. Frankel & Sons'.

HENRY & PAYNE. Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

GIE Medley DENTIST. Hopkinsville, Ky.

Having boughtout Dr. R. R. Bourne my of goe will be in the future over Hank of Hopkinsville, corner 8th and Main Sts.

BREATHITT & STITES, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,

HOPKINSVILLE. - - KY. Co-Office-No. 43% North Main Street.

Men Think

they know all about Mustang Liniment. Few do. Not to know is not to have.

Many a Lady

is beautiful, all but her skin; and nobody has ever told her how easy it is to put beauty on the skin. Beauty on the skin is Magnolia Balm.

I said to the little children:
"You are living your happiest days,"
And their wide eyes openod wider
In innocent amaze:
For their happiness was so perfect,
They did not know it then,
"Oh, to!" they said, "there it be happie
they happiness,"
When we are women and men."

I said to the youth and maiden:
"You are living your happiest days;"
And into their sparkling; ges there crep
A dreamy, far-off saze,
And their hands sought one another's,
And their checks linkind rosy red;
"they said, "there'll be happied
days."

days
For us when we are wed."

I seed to the man and woman;

You are living your happiest days;
As they laughtingly watched together.
Their taby's cunning wars,
Those days are days of inter;
They can hardly be our best;
There it be happier days when the child are grown.
And we have earned our rest."

I said to the aged couple;
"You are living your happinst days;
Your children do you honor;
You have won success and praise."
With a peaceful look, they answered;
"God is good to us, hat's true;
But we think there il be happier days In the life we're poing to."

-- Raptist Weekly.

LOVE IN A "LIFT".

How Both Were Made Happy Be cause the "Machine" Stopped.

Every one agreed that the season promised to be a brilliant one, and the heart of the London shop-keeper re-joiced. Perfectly-appointed carriages rolled in an endless stream along the more spacious thoroughfares, or stood in long lines outside the various shops patronized by their fair owners. Bond street was hopelessly blocked. It was just such a scene that may be witnessed any fine day between April and July, but to one tall, dark, sunburned man, whose upright carriage betrayed his profession, the whole phantasmagoria of fair women, perfectly well-got-up men, equally well-got-up carriages, and lofty "steppers" was replete with the charms of comparative novelty. But though the scene was inspiriting mongh, he did not linger long in the region secred to the Eleusian mysteries of shopping. Just as he was crossing the threshold of the Bayonet Club he was halled by a well-remembered

'Rourehter! by all that's wonderful! Why, I thought you were far away at

Baugalore."
The speaker was a fair, fresh-colored man, a little over thirty, of the familiar type of the man about town, well-diressed, spruce and with the air of one who is on good terms with himself and all the world.

"Come and have a cigar and a chat. Why, it must be ten years since you left England." "it is. I shall be a sort of modern

Rip Van Winkle.

"Nonsense, man! We don't forget
our friends quite so soon, even in London." retorted the other, leading the way into the smoking-room.
"Now for your news, Huntley," said Bourchier, as he settled himself in an easy-chair and lighted a cigar. "Who

as been born, who has married, who has died since I saw you last?"
"Let me think. It is a difficult thing b) arrange one's ideas when one i

bidden to stand and deliver, like that."
In spite of this protest, Hantley during the next half hour contrived to retail a fair amount of gossip.
"You remember Lady Ida Somerton?" he said, suddenly. "Pretty girl, blue eyes, complexion roses and cream, and that sort of thing. Heiress, too. She fell in love with Seton, of the Guards, who hadn't a shilling to bleas himself with. Her guardian didn't see it; cut up rough, and wouldn't hear of it. But sho married him, though, when she came of age," added Huntley, ruefully, for he had certain tender remembrances of his own in connection with the fair heiress. Perhaps the association of ideas prompted his next remark.

mark.
"By the by, Bourchier, wasn't Rosalie
Bryden an old flame of youra?"
"Chat's a leading question with a
vergeance," replied the other, with a
forced laugh, as he pulled viciously at
his mustache. "But what of her?
She married some rich city man, didn't
wha?"

"Yes: Josiah Ormskirk. Fellow who made his money on the Stock Ex-change. Died a couple of years ago, and left his wife a rich widow. Aw-fully good thing for her, for I believe he rather led her a life of it for some time before his death. Hadn't you heard of it?"

"No. He must have died during my absence at a remote place up in the hills, where I hardly ever saw a news-

paper."

"How did you manage to exist?
Well, Mrs. Ormskirk is beginning to
go out into society again. I saw her
in the Park only yesterday, and by
Jove she looked quite as pretty, and
almost as young, as she did ten years

"Yee, she was very pretty," assented Bourckler, and he added, bitterly, "and she took her charms to the best market,

as most women do."
"Come, old fellow, don't be cynical,"
said Huntley. "Have another cigar,
and let us talk about something else." But the mention of his old love's name seemed to have taken away Bourchier's appetite for society gossip. He rose slowly, and looked at his

Bourchier's appetite for society gossip. He rose slowly, and looked at his watch.

"Five o'clock. Old habits are things of strong growth. I think I shall stroll down to the Park and see what is going on. Do you feel inclined to come, too, Huntley?"

"No, thanks. I feel lazy this afternoon, so I shall look through the evening papers. There has passed away a glory from the Park. One gets tired of the eternal mill-round in time."

"Well, I'm off. at any rate for an hour's stroll." And with a goodhumored smile and a parting shake of the hands the two men parted. As Bourchier sauntered on toward the Park his thoughts went back to a certain November afternoon, when he and Rosalie had ridden home together after a quick run with the Pytohley, and love had got the better of prudence, and he had proposed and been refused. Pretty Rosalie, though she had only the experience of a single season, had enough of worldly wisdom to know that though Vincent Bourchier was handsome, clever enough to be a pleasant companion, of good birth, a brave soldler (he had already distinguished himself at the age of five-and-twenty), was no mate for her. She

and his wife, two years younger, who often expressed a desire that death call on both at the same time, expired four hours after him.

HAPPIEST DAYS.

I said to the little children:
"You are living your happiest days," and their wife eyes opened wider in innecent smare:

Rosalle, you must marry a rich map or thought to be calm, but only succeed in being reprosachful.

There was a flush on Rosalle's check, and a subdued sparkle in her eyes as she answered:
"I am sorry, Major Bourchier. And now," she added, quickly, "I am going to ask you to give me your arm to my carriage. I am tired, and want to go home."

Rosalle, you must marry a rich map or love.

Rosalle, you must marry a rich map or love.

Lord Rockminster frowned, and Rosalie, you must marry a rich man or

I wash my hands of you."

Miss Bryden had not sufficient strength of character to defy her aunt and marry Vincent Bourchier, whom, in her heart of hearts, she knew she loved. A couple of months or so later, Josiah Ormskirk proposed to her and

was accepted.
"I wonder if she would remember me if we met again," thought Bour-chier, as he turned into the Park. The afternoon being unusually fine, the drive was thronged with carriages. Bourchier paused several times, and leaned on the rails to watch the moving panorama of beauty and fashion. The drove up a slight contretemps occurred. The footman proved to be in a state of the constant succession of faces that looked blankly at him as they passed. the constant succession of faces that looked blankly at him as they passed, made him feel somewhat melauchely. He was about to turn homeward when he became aware of a pair of large brown eyes regarding him from a brown eyes regarding him from a handsome barouche that had just come to a standstill not three paces from where he stood. As his gaze rested on the piquant face in which the storesaid eyes were set, a flashing glance of recognition shone from under the deli-cately srehed brows, and a pair of fresh rosy lips parted in a bright smile over a set of the most dazzling little teeth

himself; "and she has not quite forgotforward to the side of the barouche to greet the woman he had parted from in

"Vincent Bourchier, I declare!" said
Mrs. Ormskirk, as she extended her
daintily gloved hand; "I thought!
could not be mistaken. When did you
return from India?" "Only the day before yesterday," he replied, looking her full in the face. "It is a pleasure to find I am not quite forgotten—a pleasure I hardly antici-pated. I have been in the Park for an

hour or more, and you are the only person who has recognized me." "I—I have a good memory for faces. And you are very little altered," she finished, with a blush.

That ready blush of pretty Mrs. Orms-kirk gave her an air of girlish sim-plicity that was more charming than "Would you have known me again?"

became her wonderfully. "I should have known you any-where," was his fervent answer. "How crowded the Park is this after-

n," remarked the lady, changing the subject abruptly.

"Isn't it wonderful where all the people come from? And such queer-looking people some of them are! Just look at that woman in a pink bonnet

and a yellow gown!"
"May I call on you, Mrs. Ormskirk?"
he asked, when they had talked about mutual acquaintance, criticised the passers-by, and chatted amicably, after the manner of friends who meet after a

the manner of friends who meet after a long interval of absence.

"Of course you may. I live at Megatherium Mansions when I am in town. You will generally find me at home about four o'clock." And, with another of her sunny amiles, Mrs. Ormskirk drove off.

Major Bourchier saw a good deal of Mrs. Ormskirk during the next few weeks. On some pretext or other he contrived to drop in nearly every day at Megatherium Mansions. The luxurious suite of rooms occupied by the fair widow was on the seventh floor of the huge block of buildings, consethe hige block of buildings, consequently they were reached by that aseful modern convenience, a lift. Bourchier soon cherished quite a sentimental feeling of affection for the coay little cage which carried him so easily and so swiftly upward to the dwelling of his charming Rosalie, and had he been of a postleal turn he would costainly have perined a sonnet in its praise.

He was resolved to try his luck again, and, in spite of the fair widow's occa-sional fits of caprice, he believed his chances of success were considerably better than they were ten years ago.

The worst of it was that Mrs. Ormskirk
had at least half a dozen pretendants,
and the name of her admirers was Legion. Bourchier was often mortified to find that the attentions of one or the other of this band of aspirants seemed more acceptable to the little coquette than his own. More than once he was

tan ms own. More than once he was tempted to risk overything on a single cast of the dle, and ask her boldly if she would marry him. But more prudent counsels prevailed, and he resolved to abide his time. Precipitancy might ruin everything. A woman, he argued, is seldom won by a coup de main. One evening, nearly two months after the meeting in the park, Mrs. Ormskirk was present at a fancy ball given by Lady Ethelinda Rosier, a sis-ter of the most distinguished of the fair widow's suitors. It was the first enter-tainment of the kind at which the latter

tainment of the kind at which the latter had appeared since her husband's death. Lady Ethelinda made so great a point of the matter that she wrote a charming little note begging dear Mrs. Ormskirk to break through her rule. Her lady-ship, it may be hinted, was extremely anxious to bring about a match between her brother and Josiah Ormskirk's widow and Josiah Ormskirk's thousands, the Rockminster revenues not being exactly in a flourishing connot being exactly in a flourishing con

Bourchier also received a card of inritation; and he had the mortification

Peter Melanson, 86 years old, died suddenly in Clare, N. S., last week, and his wife, two years younger, who often expressed a desire that death call on both at the same time, expired serior on the folly and wickedness of clink who made all on both at the same time, expired serior on the folly and wickedness of clink who made all on both at the same time, expired serior on the folly and wickedness of clink who made all on both at the same time, expired serior on the folly and wickedness of clink who made all on both at the same time, expired serior on the folly and wickedness of clink who made all on the folly and wickedness of clink who made all on the folly and wickedness of clink who made all on the folly and wickedness of clink who made all on the folly and wickedness of clink who made all on the folly and wickedness of clink who made all on the folly and wickedness of clink who made all on the folly and wickedness of clink who made all on the folly and wickedness of clink who made all on the folly and wickedness of clink who made all on the folly and wickedness of clink who made all on the folly and wickedness of clink who made all on the folly and wickedness of clink who made all on the folly and wickedness of clink who made all on the follows and all on the follows and all on the follows and all on the follows are follows.

home."
Lord Rockminster frowned, and murmured a few words into her car which Bourchier could not catch; but Mrs. Ormskirk's silvery tones were so clear that he could not avoid hearing her reply:

"Yes, to-morrow."

Then she dropped Lord Rock-minster's arm and took Bourchier's with a slight air of embarrasment.

"You are leaving early, Mrs. Ormskirk," he said, coldly.

"Yes, I am tired," she reptied, brief-

But when Mrs. Ormskirk's carriage

affairs, adding that it would be better to dispense with his services alto-"It is really too provoking," she stid. "Major Bouchler, I must ask you to drive home with me. I an, in, a most laughable predicament. Do you understand how to work a lift?"

Bourchier started, and then hesitated a moment. "Yes, I think so." "That is fortunate," she said, in a refleved tone. "At Megatherium Man-sions the liftman is often not to be found so late as this, and I generally depend on my own servant. I am too nervous to work the thing myself." Bourchier was naturally overjoyed

Bourchier was naturally overjoyed to do her this trifling service, and he feit that the tete-a-tete drive to Megatherium Mansions would almost indemnify him for the less of that coveted waltz. He seated himself with alacrity in the widow's cosy brougham, and they were driven off rapidly—too rapidly, he thought—to hear destination.

were driven off rapidly—too rapidly, he thought—to their destination.

As Mrs. Ormskirk had surmised, the liftman was nowhere to be found; the night porter, who could not leave his post, being the only creature about at that late hour.

"I must ask you to escort me to the seventh floor," said Rosalle, smiling, as she scated herself in the lift. A small lamp lighted the machine, and shone down on her poudras head, piquante face and radiant eyes.

"The ball was a dismal failure—wasn't it?" she said, looking up at him as he worked the ropes.

as he worked the ropes,
"Yes—n-no—not altogether," he answered, losing his head somewhat. "It

would have been the happiest evening of my life if—" He stopped and fixed his eyes on her face. "Yes, Major Bourchier," she queried, softly; "if what?"
"If you had not cheated me out of

my waltz, Rosalie," he burst out, im-pulsively.

Mrs. Ormskirk blushed and fingered

her fan nervously.
"Oh, Rosalie!" he said, dropping the "Oh, Rosalis!" he said, dropping the rope and seating himself at her side, why will you play with me like this? You know I love you. You know I have loved you for years!" He had seized one of her small hands and pressed it to his lips before she could withdraw it. He had forgotten all about the dayers of presintance. about the danger of precipitancy. "Rosalie, listen to me!"

"Not now-not here!" she interrupt-"Fancy any one having the hardihood to make a declaration of love—in a lift! And you used to be so—so romantiq!"

"What does it matter where or when one speaks if the love be genuine? I love you truly, Rosalic, and I have been very patient; but I could not bear to see that idiot Rockminster—"

"Maker Romerbier, I can not allow." "Major Bonrchier, I can not allow you to speak in that tone of one who

may one day be my husband."
"Your husband!"
"Lord Rockminster proposed to me
this evening," she said, dropping her

And you accepted him?" "Mell, not exactly!" she replied, with a malia smile; "but I may. I have not given him his snawer yet. I shall to-morrow."

when she spoke those two words to Rockminster. Bourchier's face turned

red with anger.

"Bosslie." he said, hotly, "you are a heartless coquette! I have done with you forever."

"I am indeed sorry you should

think so badly of me, Major Bourchier. But," she added, with the lightest touch of sarcasm, "that is no reason why you should keep me a prisoner to tell me so. The lift is at a standstill." It was true. In his eagerness Bour-chier had dropped the rope, and the life was stationary.

"I wont keep you a prisoner a mo-ment longer than I can help, Mrs. Ormskirk," he said, jumping up. He pulled the rope vigorously, but the lift did not move.

"Don't you understand the mechan-ism?" oried Rosalis, in sudden alarm.

"Yes, of course," he retorted, a trifs irritably; "but—but there seems some-thing wrong with it."

thing wrong with it."

Mrs. Ormskirk sprang to her feet with a little scream of terror.

'Oh, Major Bourchier, we shall be tilled, I know we shall. There is some-thing wrong with the lift! We may be dashed to pieces—the thing may fall— or—or something. Oh, what will be-come of us?" she went on, bursting in-"Can't-can't you save me.

She clung to him in her terror.
"Don't be frightened, dearest," he said, trying to speak cheerfully; "it may not be so serious as you think. Do you know if this is an hydraulic lift? If so, the stoppage may be caused by the failure of the water."

"I don't know—I don't know what an hydraulic lift is," moaned Rosalic, sobbing. "Such a thing has never hap-pened before. Oh, Vincent, can't— can't you save me?"

"Would to Heaven I could! I would die for you, gladle." die for you, gladly,' "I don't know about dying for me," she sobbed out, "but—but there seems a very good chance of your dying with

Bourchier smiled.
"I don't think things are quite so bad as that, Rosalie. "How do you know? Why, any min-ute we may be dashed to pieces! Thave heard of such things."

His arm was still round her waist; in His arm was still round her waist; in her terror she did not seem to notice its -at least she made no attempt to with-draw herself from his embrace. "Life seems all the more entrancing now, of course," he ventured to say, trying not to speak bitterly. "You were always ambitious, Rosalie, and is

"Who told you I was going to be a peeress?" she retorted, with spirit.

"If you are going to take advantage of the position to—to bully me—"
"My darling, such an idea never crossed my brain. I love you far too well," interrupted Bourchier, with his lips close to her pretty ear. The temp-tation was irresistible. He kissed her velvet cheek once, twice, and then, as she did not attempt to move her fresh, rosy lips. "Rosalie, do you love me?" She was silent save for a slight

catching of her breath, that might have been either a sigh or a sob. "You will not marry Rockminster, will you? you will marry nookinisted, will you? you will marry mc," he went on, passionately. "No one loves you as I do, Rosalie. Think of it; I have loved you for ten long years."
"Is that true?" she whispered, in her

most musical tones.
"I swear it. Will you marry me, "If-if we ever get out of the lift-I

-may."
"The lift! I love the lift!" cried Bourchier, enthusiastically, "why, but

minster," she said, with an odd little laugh. "You told me I was am-"Poor Rockminster! and happy me!"

laughed Bourchier.

"In the meantime, slr, I insist on he he meantime, ar, I hast on being let out of this lift at once; I ob ject to be kept hanging between earth and heaven, like Mohammed—or his coffin—I forget which it was." Bourehier, of course, retorted that

far from thinking himself in such a position, he considered that the lift was his heaven, and for his part he was percetly happy where he was.
"But I am not," said Rosalle, with some return—real or assumed—of her fears, "it is almost as bad as the Black

Hole of Calcutta. Just then the lift gave a violent lurch. Mrs. Ormskirk screamed and buried her

are. Ormsette screamed and orned aer face in her handkerchief. Bourchier jumped up and caught hold of the rope, and, in a moment, the machine glided smoothly upward.

"Come, Rosalie!" said he, smiling. as they stopped at the seventh floor. "All's well that ends well. You have only been a prisoner for one short half-bour; I am going to put on chains for life—chains of roses, of course." he added hastily. "You have had a fright; I have won a wife—thanks to that delightful institution, the Lift!"—London Truth.

VERY RICH SOIL.

the Incredible Fertility of Daxous Land Ruined a Settler. A man from Illinois got off the Northwestern train at Estelline the other day and met an old friend now living in Dakota.

"How's old Jim Stanford prospering out here?" asked the Illinois man. "Jim's gittin' 'long poorly, very poorly."
"I'm surprised, I thought Dakota

was a grand place for farmers."
"Yes, 'tis; most of us get rica in few years."
"I don't see why Jim don't then—he
used to be a good man to work."
"Yes, Jim's a worker."

"What's the matter then?" "Well, you see Jim made a mistake, and it set him back." "How'd he make a mistake?"

"Set his house on the ground with no underpinuin' under it." "Well s'posin' he did, I don't see what hurt it would do." "Of course you don't-you live in

Il'noise."
"Well, what burt did it do?" "Why, hang it sil, pardner, this Da-kota sile is so darned fertil" that the "It did well, admittin' it's so, I old think it would have been better

he'd had a bigger house."
"Yes, that's what Jim 'lowed at first. He had a nice two-story house, then a three-story one and pretty soon a five-I don't see anything bad about

"No, course not, but when it got up "No, course not, but when it got up there instead of headin' out with a French roof and a lightnin' rod the blamed house took to branching out with bay windows and piazzers and protty soon the whole thing blowed overand killed a yoke of brindle oxen for Jim. I tell you, you can't build houses in Dakota without underpinin'."

Brown, I b'lieve you're the biggest liar in the Territory."

Har in the Territory."

"Mebby I am, mebby I am, pardner but I told the truth about that house Say, you don't want to buy one of the darndest nicest quarter sections around here, do you?"—Estelline (D. T.) Bell.

Protection of Water-Pipes. A device has been brought forward for protecting water-pipes against freezing, the arrangement being based upon the fact that water in motion will remain liquid at a lower temperature than water at rest. One end of a coppar rod, placed outside of the building, is secured to a bracket, and the other end is attached to the arm of a weighted elbow lever; to the other arm of the ed clow lever; to the other arm of the lever is secured a rod which passes into the building and operates a valve in the water-pipe. By means of turn-buckles the length of the copper rod can be adjusted so that before the tem-perature reaches the point at which there would be danger of the water in the pipes freezing, the valve will be opened to allow a flow of water; beyond this point the valve opening will increase and the flow become more rapid as the cold becomes more intense, and as the cold becomes more intense, and as the temperature rises the valve is closed. This plan sets up a current in the pipes, which replaces the water as it grows cold by the warmer water from the main. Whether the valve be opened or closed the service-pipes are always in working order.—N. Y. Sun.

A Gallant Attorney-General.

The question whether a woman is person has just come uy in Minnesota, this time in connection with cemeteries. By the statutes "any number of persons not less than seven" may form a cometery association. At a meeting lately held in Kasson, Minn., to form such an association, a woman's name was proposed as one of the Trustees. A doubt was paised whether women were legally persons and it was decided to exclude women until the next annual meeting, by which time legal advice could be obtained. Mrs. If M. White, one of the excluded, wrote to the Attorney-General at St. Paul, asking his legal opinion as to whether she was a person. The Attorney-General promptly replied that she was and that the opposition could have no ground to sons not less than seven" may form a the opposition could have no ground to stand upon, "unless those who hold that women are not persons should con-tend that they were angels and b-nee would nover require burns."— Woman's

-If there is one time more than another that plants can be given stimulants to advantage, it is when they are in bud, ready to break out strongly in bloom.—Toledo Blade.

ABOUT AMBER.

and Expensive Lumps of the

knick-knacks. Its expense, of course, precludes its employment on an extended scale, though one can easily imagine that a heading of it around a room charm to it, and that small fragments of it might be combined in mosaic orasment on a surface of stippling or of lincrusta. Our decorators, if they care to beads and fragments of the mouthpieces of eigar-holders that fall in their way, to see what they can accomplish in this direction. A beautiful design executed in bits of amber, and sunk into a as in the case of diamonds, augments in geometrical rather than arithmetical ratio, as the size increases.

pound lump, as a curiosity, for about that sum, but though heavier, it is im pure and is cracked and porous. It is kept in a princralogical museum in Ber-lin. The Empress of Russia has a price-

from it very often. A complete pipe, carved from the same unaterial, was smoked by Frederick William III, of Prussia, father of the reigning Kaiser, and the bowl of it is decorated with

liancy, softness and color. There are ing .- Decorator and Furnisher,

THE FINGER NAILS. How to Trim Them and How to Avoid Mi "Few people understand how to cut

their nails," said the young lady manieure. "A knife or seissors should never be used. I twim and shape the nail with a small file, and then earefully smooth down and bevel the roughened edges with emery board, which keeps them from breaking and trains them to a symmetrical growth. Another important point where people neglect their nails is in allowing the skin to grow out on the base of the nail. This should be carefully pushed back with a blunt instrument at least once a week. I soak strament at least once a week. I soak
the hands of my customers in tepid
water a few hinutes before I do this, so
as to soften the outicle. This is necessary, as otherwise it is liable to break.
It requires great care, as the base of
the nail, which is very sensitive, may be
bruised, or the delicate edge of the akin
broken. Another place where care is
needed is at the sides of the nail, where
it leaves the fingers. Lack of attention
to this either hardens the end of the finger or produces the untidy and painful to this either hardens be end of the ins-ger or produces the untidy and painful hang nails, which disfigure so many hands. In filing the nails the file should always be drawn from the finger and to-

ward the end of the nail."
"What are the hardest things to overcome in operating on hands that have been neglected?" "There are several things. Mothers STUDY. hours and obtain a practical education. sometime make a practice of cutting their children's nails almost square with a pair of soissors. That hardens the end of the finger and produces a misshapen nail. It can be overcome, however, in time. By filing the nail from the sides it can be narrowed by degrees to that filbert shape which is considered the height of beauty. The finger will still be blunt, but even that will be remedied to some extent. Then we have the peo-ple who bite their finger nails off close. They are hard customers to deal with. The nail is deformed and brittle, and care has to be taken in dealing with it, Manicures use a preparation to stop the biting and then correct the other defects

by degrees.

"Do you know there are several diseases of the linger-nails?" she continued; "well, there are. One is called onychia parasitica, which is much to be dreaded. It acts upon the nails by thickening and drying them. They lose their polish and grow rough and brittle. With a powerful glass the little parasites which cause the trouble can parasites which cause the trouble can be seen growing in among the com-ponent parts of the nail. The nail has a dirty brown color, streaked with knes of a darker color, and the nail is raised ap and thickened. The disease is rare, and can only be treated by a skillful physician.

"The white species on the nail, which

we were told as children indicated gifts, are really a nail disease, resulting, I think, from slight diseases. Hang-nails are where the nail adheres to the nails are where the nail adheres to the cuticle, and proves more than anything else the use of the manicure's art. Hyporthophy often afflicts the nails, causing an excessive growth and a dult, yellowish color, and often produces extreme pain from ingrowing nails and other irritation. This can be remedied by a killed market but a transfer of the control of the cont

Amber is used considerably in minor ecorative work, as in jewelry and decorated in yellow would add a dainty take the hint, might save up amber wall something after the fashion of the pleces of glass that form the leading notes of color in a jeweled window, would be a novelty at all events, and that it would be an artistic one there is little doubt. In small pieces this sub-stance is not expensive, but the price,

Thus a piece as big as one's little finger joint would be worth about a quarter of a dollar, but a piece twice that size would be worth several hundred per cent more, and if the size were again doubled the increase in value would be in a still higher proportion. The largest piece in the world that is without blemish is in the Mark Museum in Dantzic, and weighs eight pounds. The owndollars for it.

Frederick the Great bought a thirteen

less tea set made of amber, but it is presumed that she does not drink tea an excellent relief portrait of its owner. Frederick the Great owned a beautiful flute of amber—the flute was his pet instrument—and this, together with a pipe, is preserved in a Berlin collection, Amber with insects in it is quite common, the unfortunate bugs and flies having alighted on the gum as it was 0 flowing down the back of the trees, and sticking fast as it slowly enveloped them, while fragments of bark and leaves further attest its vegetable origin. But it remained for A. T. Stowart to discover a piece that inclosed a perfect fish, or rather to discover a man who lish, or rather to discover a man who owned that tunque specimen. Mr. Stewart bought it for four thousand five hundred dollars. Some very pretty jewelry is made of amber, its rich, sherry-like color and high polish entitling it to be more used in personal adornment than it ever has been. If it were more severe week lovestry would be adornment than it ever has been. If it were more searce such jewelry would be eagerly sought for. There are ear-drops like transparent gold: necklaces of amber butterenps and daisies; pins in the form of wild roses, and backs for combs studded with listle globes of amber. It has been combined with frosted silver, filigree work, gold and pearls with good effect. Clouded amber, showing streaks of white and gray that marked the slow convolutions of the gum as it trickled down, is much esteemed by some and costs more than transparent amber, but the clear article is most pleasing as deed.

Remember My Motto - "Wright Wrongs No One." the clear article is most pleasing as dec-orative material, as it has the most bril-

JNO. T. WRIGHT. NO. 1 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

HOPKINSVILLE, - - - KY

THE LOUISVILLE BRYANT -AND-

Cor, Third and Jefferson Sts., Louisville, Ky. BOOK-KEEPING, BANKING, PENMANSHIP.

SHORT-HAND, TYPE-WRITING, ARITHMETIC, &C. No Text Books or Manuscripts copied and recopied by students. Has the the largest honest indorsement as to true merit. Graduates have little trouble in obtaining situations.

Instruction will be given by mail. Improve spare

ADDRESS COLLEGE AS ABOVE.

WELL PAID EMPLOYMENT Can always be secured by a competent SHORTHAND WRITER.

WE CAN TEACH YOU BY MAIL.

for large, Illustrated Catalogue to H. A. HALE, Principal, Shorthand Institute, Louisville, Kentucky. We can also teach you Book-Keeking and Penmanship by mail.

(ESTABLISHED 1850.)

Evansville Commercial College

And Institute of Business Training.

RELIABLEI THOROUGH! PROGRESSIVE! This College is not an experiment, but anjoid established, reliable Commercial Institute. Thous and shave received in it a Business Education that has materially aided them to a prosperous and successful business life. Testimonials of the most flattering description constantly received evidencing to this fact.

The Corriculum embraces Commercial Course, Book-keeping, Banking, Business Forms, Actual Trading, Penmanship, Business Calculation, Business Correspondence, &c., &c., The Short Hand, Type Writing and Telegraphy Department is very systematic and computes.

The time necessary to take the course in either counch is from 3 to 8 months.

The Faculty in this College are not only Theoretical Teachers, but Practical Business Men who have spent many years of their lives in real, live, active flusiness.

Ladies and Gentlemes taught on Equal Terms. Students can enter at any time. Schools open Day and night. Cons. At Onca., For Terms, &c., apply by letter or in person to

SAMUEL N. CURNICE, | Principals. CURNICK & RANK.

Cor. 3d and Main, Evansville, Ind